

THE ROADSWEEPER OF ROCHESTER HIGH STREET

what makes us tick?
we look into mirrors and stare into our teeth ...
try looking out onto the street for a change,
thats where everything happens ...
see that roadsweeper with the neck like a hook?
he looks out and he sees, he sees what? ... and
its a mirracal that he can walk, bent over double,
cut in half, like a bracket, holding onto the back
of his machine ... he shuffels, he makes a grab ...
a just society? — go and ask him, chew the fat a
little ... he hasnt got too much to say for himself?
— but then these are only words, the worlds full
of them, bookshelves of hearsay and bullshit ...
weer all obsessed with words and self love, me
and that girl over there, you with yours ... waighting
... talking ...
the roadsweeper of rochester high street? the one
with the damaged face? — full of self love? who
cares? he dosnt really exist dose he, because in
this world, in this society, in this century, more
than ever before, as much as ever before, we are
what we own

WOMEN

as i walk past
the military cemetery
on city way rochester
the dead turn in their
stifling tombs of earth
and let out foul air
with hollow sighs

it is a sunny day near
the end of august and
the young girls are
wearing their summer
dresses
'HOOK NOSE!'
they shout at me
immediately blushing
and pushing out their
budding padded tits

thus is women